

## Poetry.

### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE IN CHRIST.

I walk along the crowded street and mark  
The eager, anxious faces;  
Wondering what this man seeks, what that heart  
craves  
In earthly places.

Do I want anything that they are wanting?  
Is each of them my brother?  
Could we hold fellowship, speak heart to heart,  
Each to the other?

Nay, but I know not! only this I know,  
That sometimes merely crossing  
Another's path, where life's tumultuous waves  
Are ever tossing.

He, as he passes, whispers in mine ear  
One magic sentence only,  
And in the awful loneliness of crowds  
I am not lonely.

Ah, what a life is theirs who live in Christ;  
How vast the mystery!  
Reaching in height to heaven, and in its depth  
The unfathomed sea!

—Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

## Contributions.

### SOWING AND REAPING.

G. A. RUFF.

"As you sow, so shall you also reap." If you have ever observed the process which land undergoes, under the direction of a good tiller of the soil, you have learned that a desire to improve and a knowledge of nature, are two of the greatest aids in raising and bringing to perfection crops of corn, wheat, potatoes, barley, or any other useful product. You will perceive that the excellent husbandman selects the best corn or wheat for seed. You will perceive that he fertilizes the soil so as to make it productive. You will see that he plucks the weeds from beside his plants, and sees that those plants are kept in good condition and when ripe are gathered into the granary for future use.

Young men beginning this life are plants of another species, and they are endowed by their Creator with all the attributes and faculties that make noble men, in fact, they are created in God's own image and he, their husbandman, allowed them to act of their own free will and accord; tho at the same time, they are strictly accountable to civil and moral law for their actions. When we see young men, with all their godlike attributes, frequent grog-shops and other immoral places, we feel that they are misusing those noble qualities, and that if they sow their mental germs in such places, that when they come to reap, it will be a very "sorry sight" to see, enough in truth, to make angels weep in heaven. How can they, sowing vice, corruption, and degradation,

hope to gather anything but misery and death? Behold the young man, fresh from his college triumphs, entering the large city to commence the battle of life. He has his father's blessing, his mother's prayer, his sister's kiss upon his brow, and hopes are high that he will become distinguished, and make a great and good man. Well, city life proves too much for him; he enters by degrees the company of the vicious and the lovers of loose pleasures. Their talk at first does not suit him, but after a while he does not mind it so much, and can smile at their blasphemy and obscenity, and still later he falls! falls down into the broad highway that leads to the dark valley of death! Oh, young man! with your moral faculties, your education, your mother's and father's blessing, and your sister's kiss upon your brow—is this your promised end? Is this the height of your earthly ambition and glory? Is this the aim of your Spiritual nature? Is this your godliness? Is this your gratitude for all you have received from on high? Pause, young man! Oh, pause ere you sow the seeds of dissipation and lewd pleasures; for there cometh a time to reap, and will it avail you anything to gather into your granary bad health, bad morals and a burdened soul? Do you suppose that looking on this picture that your father will be pleased, or the mother that loves you will be joyful, or that your sister will be satisfied that your life is as it should be? No! They will feel ashamed of you—you with all these godlike attributes reaping from the seeds of debauchery and crime the fruits that sooner or later spring from them, leaving a man upon the highway of life, a wretched, broken-down being both in body and soul. Young men, sow not such evil seed, lest you reap the harvest of death.

It is a sad picture to see a mother who loves her daughters as she loves her own existence, sowing within their minds seed which too often causes misery throughout their after life. Instead of teaching her children the laws of human life, and building up their moral characters as men do build a mansion, little by little, she teaches them the fashions of this worldly life and how to be gay rather than how to be good, and allows them to read miserable trash that fires their young imaginations, and makes them think of things that their minds at so early an age are not capable of properly receiving; things that should only be learned by experience and contact with the world, if, in fact, they should ever be learned at all. We have known some promising young girls to go down to the grave prematurely—a poor victim to her mother's system of educa-

tion, while the mother said that it was the will of God that her child should die all in her beauty and in her youth. Ah! mother, you mistake. It was not the will of God that your darling should die so young. You were not carrying out God's will when you implanted in your girl's mind the seeds which bring forth poor fruit; for the world is well stocked with good seed, and you are strictly accountable that you implant it within the minds of your children, so that they may be able to receive the light of righteousness. Oh! when will mothers plant within the bosoms of their children the seeds of righteousness, godliness, benevolence and love? When they do, there will be a better world, and fewer souls will be in danger of the dreadful valley of death. We are all liable to do wrong. We are all, I am sorry to say, liable to sow seed whose gathering is not profitable, but we can do better; the world is moving in more ways than one. We can all improve; we shall all, I trust, improve. God grant that we may sow seed in this life that will yield a harvest to be gathered into the granary of the Lord!

### CALIFORNIA.

H. M. LICHTY.

I have recently been asked by different persons how much land I owned in California. The conclusion has been drawn from what I have said and written about Central California that I must have some land to sell. I must confess that this is not an unnatural conclusion. Similarly it might be inferred that our brethren Ben Frederick and John Wolfe, of Ripon and Lathrop, Calif., who occasionally tell us of their country and its advantages, have land to sell. It is proper to state here that I own no land in the golden state much as I would like to do so, and also that so far as I know none of our brethren out there have any real estate axes to grind. So far as I can see there is an honest and intelligent inquiry among our people in the east into the claims, advantages and disadvantages of California. I am simply one of the number looking that way. If I can read and understand, our California brethren are making an honest effort to inform their friends and brethren in the east of the claims they hold over other good places. They are zealous in the good cause. They feel that while they are well organized in a highly civilized and well settled community in the favored state of California, that there is only a modest start made of what the country is seen to become. They look with a prophetic eye to the future and long to see the country built up by the people of their own faith. The delivery